

# COLLEGE CHEER

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. XI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1919.

NO. 18.



## ALUMNI DAY.

Next Wednesday, May 7th, has been set aside as a day of home coming for the Alumni of St. Joseph's College. Invitations have been sent to all the alumni to visit their Alma Mater on that day, and various entertainments have been arranged for them. The turner programme will be the specialty of the day, and the alumni ball game in the afternoon will be of universal interest at Collegeville.

The alumni, however, will feel their keenest enjoyment in the opportunity to speak again to the faculty to whose instructions they owe their success, and to see the faces of their college friends in the very halls in which they spent months and years together. This will be an occasion of many fond recollections; an opportunity to talk about the joys of college life, (for they are the only ones remembered), and exclaim: "Those were the days." It will be a day not only for the faculty and alumni, but also for the students, for most of us will see former friends and acquaintances on that day, and we should make things as agreeable and pleasant for them as possible.

It is but proper that one day of the year should be set aside in honor of those who were once confronted with the same tasks that we are now wrestling with, lest it might appear that they are forgotten or that no interest is taken in them by

the institution or by the students. St. Joseph's has an alumni of which to be proud. There are about two thousand of them and practically every one is a man of honor. They are now scattered throughout the states in practically every path of life. A great number have chosen that sacred profession to serve as ministers of religion. When Uncle Sam called for help in the great war, the sons of St. Joseph's were among the willing. Many of them fought in the battle fields of Europe and some of them laid down their lives for the cause.

The one hindrance to this day's complete success and happiness will be that work and distance will prevent many from attending the "home coming", for every one who has once attended St. Joseph's cherishes in his mind fond remembrances. These sentiments have been adequately expressed in the following verses:

### TO ST. JOSEPH'S.

"In all reverence and love  
To the vaulted throne above  
We raise a prayer of blessing to thy name.  
'Mid this sordid earth and grime  
Standst thou noble and sublime,  
With holy fires our hearts thou dost inflame.  
"In the misty vale of youth  
All the tender flowers of truth  
Thou hast planted, and hast nurtured into bloom;  
From ethereal distaffs caught,  
Precious silken threads of thought  
Thou are weaving into fabric in thy loom.  
"Open, then, thy portals wide,  
Alma Mater, open wide,  
That the love that fills my heart may enter in,  
Though we've parted hence and gone,  
Thy bright beacon light lives on:  
Thou shalt always be to us what thou hast been."  
C. O'L., '11.

## ST. JOE 7 — VALPARAISO 4.

St. Joe Varsity cops "U" Scalp, April 24.

In a hotly contested game the St. Joe Varsity defeated the Valparaiso University team, at the University Park by a score of 7 to 4. Both teams started off with a lot of "pep" and interest was lagging at no minute of the game. During the first two innings neither team scored a run. In the last half of the third Valparaiso succeeded in scoring twice. As soon as St. Joe tied the score in the beginning of the fourth Kim, a "Jap", who was pitching for Valparaiso, was taken out and at least 225 pounds of the tribe of Benton entered the box. He looked rather dangerous to the visitors, but was soon found to be as human as anybody else and could not keep St. Joe from scoring two more runs in the same inning. St. Joe held the lead from then to the end of the

game, getting two more runs in the sixth and one in the seventh inning. Valparaiso scored one run in the fifth and one in the eighth. It is hardly fair to give special credit to any particular players, for they all played "airtight" ball from the beginning to the end. Fehrenbacher's pitching was probably the greatest feature of the game. At several times Valparaiso had men on bases, but Fehrenbacher pitched at top speed and kept them from scoring. He struck out eleven men and allowed seven scattered hits. Maloney deserves mention for his excellent work at second, and Wellman played classy ball at third. Lackmeier would have played a perfect game had he not been called out for overstepping first after hitting a two bagger. During the sixth inning Vonder Haar's hand was injured by a nipped ball and he was forced to leave the game. Hession took his place and did fine work.

The boast of the Valpo fans that they held Wisconsin 3 to 5 made them appear rather formidable, but it seemed to have made the collegians work the harder. If the team plays ball for the rest of the season in the same style in which it played last Saturday, we'll have a record-breaking team in base ball this year as we did in basket ball. But let not one success cause the players to feel over-confident, let it be an incentive for them to work harder. Captain Kallal, whose hand has been injured, is back in practice again and his playing will be an appreciable asset to the strength of the team.

An account of the game by innings may prove interesting to those who were unable to see it.

#### 1st Inning.

ST. JOE.:

The game started with Kim giving Maloney a walk. Jordan and Wellman struck out. Westhoven was thrown out at first by Wood, leaving Maloney die on second.

VALPO.:

Smith was thrown out at first by Wellman. Ford struck out and Robinson grounded to Westhoven who threw him out at first.

#### 2nd. Inning.

ST. JOE.:

Lackmeier drove out the ball for a two-base hit, but was called out for failing to touch the first sack. Scheidler hit a grounder to the pitcher and Vonder Haar fanned.

VALPO.:

Peterson and Gibson grounded to Westhoven and Maloney respectively and were thrown out at first. Wood and Haas singled and Porter struck out.

#### 3rd. Inning.

ST. JOE.:

Westhoven singled scoring Jordan. Lachmaier and Maloney were thrown out at first by Kim and Peterson respectively.

VALPO.:

Kim was given a walk to first, but was put out at second in Smith's attempt to sacrifice. Ford singled and advanced Smith to third. Robinson singled scoring Smith. Ford came home on Peterson's sacrifice, and Gibson fanned.

#### 4th. Inning.

ST. JOE.:

Jordan singled and Wellman got a base on balls. Westhoven singled scoring Jordan. Lackmeier was thrown out at first. Scheidler hit a two-bagger scoring Wellman and Westhoven. Vonder Haar sacrificed. Hession singled scoring Scheidler. Fehrenbacher walked and Maloney struck out.

VALPO.:

Wood struck out. Haas was out at first. Porter hit, but was caught stealing second.

#### 5th. Inning.

ST. JOE.:

Jordan fanned. Wellman and Westhoven were put out at first.

VALPO.:

Benton retired on strikes. Smith singled, but was forced out at second when Ford grounded to short. Robinson hit a three-bagger scoring Ford. Peterson struck out.

#### 6th. Inning.

ST. JOE.:

Lachmaier fanned. Scheidler was put out at first. Vonder Haar singled and stole second. Hession fanned, but the catcher dropped the ball on the third strike and Hess beat it out to first. Fehrenbacher drove the horse-hide out for a two-bagger, and Vonder Haar and Hession crossed home plate. Maloney struck out.

VALPO.:

Gibson was thrown out at first by Westhoven. Wood ran to first on Westhoven's error. Haas and Porter fanned.

#### 7th. Inning.

ST. JOE.:

Jordan was put out at first. Wellman got on base through Wood's error and stole second. Westhoven sacrificed. Lachmaier got a single scoring Wellman, but he was put out at second.

VALPO.:

Benton got to first through an error. Ford singled. Robinson struck out and Peterson flied out to Jordan.

#### 8th. Inning.

ST. JOE.:

Scheidler and Harber retired on strikes. Hession was thrown out at first.

VALPO.:

Gibson grounded to Wellman and was thrown out at first. Wood got to first and was forced out at second. Shanks, who batted for Porter, ran to first on a single. Benton hit a grounder to Westhoven and was thrown out at first.

#### 9th. Inning.

ST. JOE.:

Fehrenbacher singled and stole second and third, but was called out at home. Maloney flied to Wood. Jordan singled and Wellman was thrown out at first.

VALPO.:

Smith fanned. Ford was thrown out at first by Westhoven. Robinson flied out to Westhoven.

#### Line-up:

St. Joe—		Valparaiso—
Fehrenbacher	P.	Kim, Benton
Vonder Haar	C.	Gibson
Lachmeier	F.B.	Wood
Maloney	S.B.	Peterson
Wellman	T.B.	Ford
Westhoven	S.S.	Haas
Scheidler	L.F.	Smith
Jordan	C.F.	Robinson
Hession, Harber	R.F.	Porter, Shank.

#### Totals:

Hits—St. Joe, 9; Valparaiso, 7. Base on balls, St. Joe, 1; Valparaiso, 3. Errors, St. Joe, 2; Valparaiso, 4. Substitutions: St. Joe, Hession for Vonder Haar, Harber for Hession; Valparaiso: Benton for Kim; Shanks for Porter.

#### Notice!

In the last issue of the 'Cheer' the name of Francis Westhoven was omitted from the Varsity. We sincerely apologize as such mistakes are rather embarrassing.

Soon be time for Straw hats, and we have the very latest. So be sure, boys, to see our display.

DUVALL'S QUALITY SHOP.

## COLLEGE CHEER.

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### ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,  
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA.

Saturday, May 2, 1919.

## EDITORIALS.

### A Man's Job.

WE poor deluded creatures, who call ourselves men often get a grand notion of our capabilities which cannot seem to impress itself on those about us. Yes, we are misunderstood men. Tell a man that and you have his confidence. But it will be a confidence which does not entirely harmonize with your own idea of the possessor, and then you yourself must be numbered among those who misunderstand the poor unfortunate.

Once this idea of self capability has rooted itself in our imagination it seldom fails to assert itself on those round about us. We forget that there are others with sterling qualities which shine more brilliantly and for a much longer time, for the simple reason that we can view at a little distance. When we see them we appreciate them more. They are not continually announced for our inspection, by a siren as tho they might escape our notice.

We want everything in its own place and time. When dealing with men do as **men** do. Everyone is intelligent enough to see how good you are and if you act a man it is simple and easy to put yourself in that other sphere, where Creator and creature meet. But keep in mind the **change** of sphere, and what that difference of relation implies.

### A LITTLE SONG.

A little song — how rings it clear  
That one can ever hold it dear?  
What hides therein? O say it!  
Within it lies what men e'er found;  
A bit of charming chord so round,  
And someone's soul lives in it.

When?—The last Sunday in May.  
Where?—On the Basket Ball Floor.  
What?—The K of C Initiation.

## THE FAN.

We college boys are all fans, enthusiastic fans, too. The student who does not show a lively interest in some favorite is ostracised, and must bear all the stigma that attaches to the word "Crony". We fans feel a certain pride in the fact that we are what we are, although few of us can give an adequate reason as to just why we are so. The fact is, however, that the spirit of 'Fanity' is catching and we just follow the crowd.

When we see the street urchin or the school-boy racing past us with ball and bat, we go back to the old days when we too were rollicking toughs, to whom black eyes, broken noses, torn clothes, and worrying mothers were of little concern as long as we were allowed to continue our games. We have grown since, but the spirit has grown with us; so that we instinctively feel that we too should run down the street with him. But for many of the old boys 'the days of real sport' are over; they are tied down with business and political cares; they are bound by the chains of propriety. Nevertheless they are today heart and soul with the world as it rushes to the baseball field, watches and waits, booms and bahs, hisses and applauds in the way known only to him who has been there.

Behold the fans! In the bleachers we find the best specimens. What better place in all the world, except possibly in Aguecheek's London omnibus, to study human character. All classes meet there; from the barefoot boy to the hoary old man; from the man of leisure, who could sit in the grand-stand if he chose, to the very poor, who should save his quarter but cannot resist the call of the game. The rich, well-groomed employer stoops to jest with his lowly employee. There is the urbane old gentleman, who as he vainly seeks a place from which to get a good view of the game, looks as if he would like to fill much less space if he only could, or if he is fortunate in securing an opening forgets for the time his troublesome avoirdupois. Our dainty young prig, Reginald, the immaculate, generally so anxious lest some profane foot should dim the polish of his boots, now elbows his way between a dirty bootblack and a dirtier knight of the road with as little concern as when he lounges in his club-rooms down-street. Even yonder dignified minister, who looks as if he disproved, but was drawn in spite of his scruples, forgets his dignity so much as to smile, then shout, and even to slap his fellow on the back with a hearty 'some play, eh.'

One may, indeed, view such a variety of human characters in other places; but where the intensity, the action, the mixture of applause and hisses, of smiling and scowling. At one instance a stately multitude quietly observing, at the very next moment a screaming, leaping, frenzied mob, and then again silence. There are three men on bases, with one man out, and the last inning. The pitcher is visibly nervous, so the catcher delays the game by readjusting his harness, and thus gives the pitcher a breathing space and time to pull his reserves together. Then again the game is on. At first volley upon volley of raahs and

(Continued on page 6.)

INSIST UPON

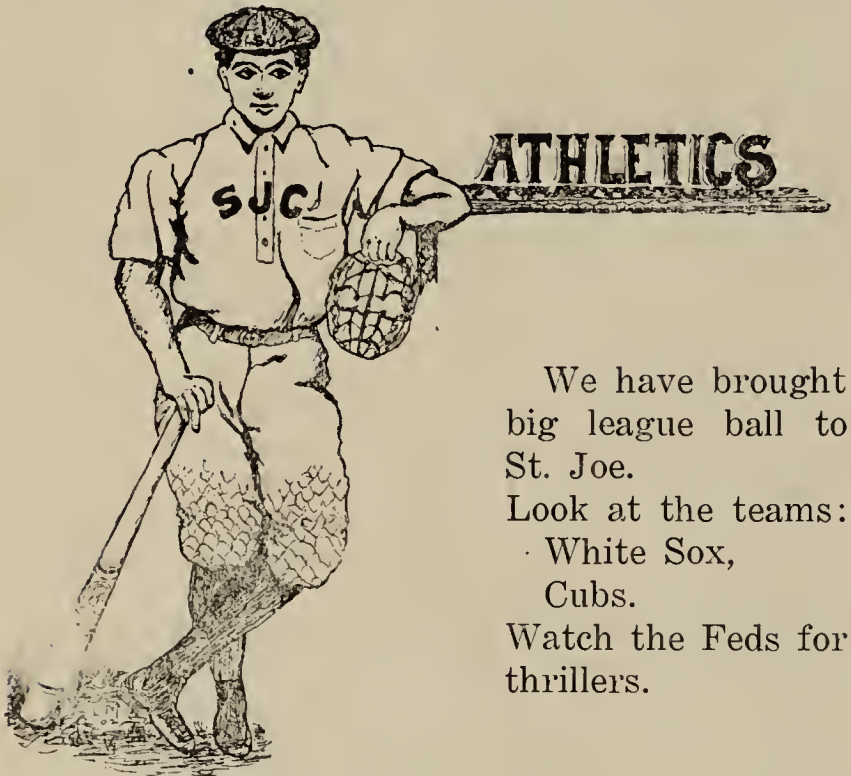
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White Sox,  
Cubs.  
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thrillers.

SENIOR LEAGUE.

Team.	Capt.	Mgr.
Rainbows	Vetter	Reichert
Triangles	O'Brien	Rose
Aviators	Kunkel	Kampsen
Invincibles	Murphy	Coleman

FEDERAL LEAGUE.

Team.	Capt.	Mgr.
Rookies	Koch	Honingford
Fans	Goettemoeller	Boeckman
Sluggers	Woodruff	Conway

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Team.	Capt.	Mgr.
Chicago Cubs	Kramps	F. Shank
White Sox	Jno Kallal	Wojinski
Follies	Bensman	H. Recker
Collegeville Boosters	Von Gittern	Dunkel
Comets	McLaughlin	Curl
Bolsheviks	Arnold	Janson

	G.P.	W.	L.	%
Chicago Cubs	1	1	0	1000
White Sox	1	1	0	1000
Follies	2	1	1	.500
Collegeville Boosters	0	0	0	.000
Comets	1	0	1	.000
Bolsheviks	1	0	1	.000

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IN THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT.  
By H. J. Pinebrook.

The other day we chopped down a big oak because we needed some lumber for a chicken coop. It looked solid and healthy, but behold, inside it was hollow. There was something in the hole, too, oh no, your guess is wrong, it was no opossum; just a little note-book, all yellow and wrinkled. How it got there? Well, I suppose somebody put it there when the tree was smaller and had an opening, and by and by the wood and bark grew over the hole. I know that by this time your curiosity is aroused and you would like to know the contents of this rare find. I am sorry that I could only decipher a small part of it; the rest was illegible. This is what I gleaned from it:

"Property of Musk-rat Hank at the fur trading post of Lafayette on the junction of the Wabash and Tippecanoe Rivers in the year 1817."

The first pages were missing, and on page 8 I found the following:

"May 17.—Started out this morning in a northerly direction towards a little camp which was called Remington from the fact that a few years before a man had been eaten up at that very spot by a pack of hungry prairie wolves; and his Remington Repeater was found afterwards; why he had not made use of it against the wolves is a mystery.

"May 18.—Reached Remington and then again turned north. The country through which we are lumbering is a fright. Nothing but swamp. Our horses got stuck in the dirt and we had to nail planks to their hoofs so they would not sink down too deep. The wheels on our prairie schooner we exchanged for wide disks sawed from a log. No other trees in sight but willows and willows.

"May 19.—In spite of the difficulties of the trail we made six miles yesterday, and today we hope to reach the little Indian village on the banks of the Iroquois River, eleven miles north of Remington.

"May 20.—Did not reach Indian village as we had figured. Only had about a mile more to go, but our horses were tired out, and I am afraid we will have to rest a few days before we can move on. We are camping on a little elevation overlooking a big frog pond on the east, a swamp on the north and south, and a slough on the west. Musk-rat Hank is in his element here and so is Bull-frog Bill.

"May 21.—Yesterday's catch netted 47 muskrats for me, and eleven bull-frogs for Bill. They made a dainty supper. Could not sleep half the night. The frogs seemed to have an international conference here. I maintained that they were all talking Greek, but Bill who had gone to school for a week when he was a kid, said that they talked many different languages and that one little Prima Donna sang her sweet sounding solo in French. There are also a few fir trees standing on the elevation and they are infested with hundreds of screech owls and these also gave a reception in our honor in the form of a concert.

"May 22.—Found out that this place is alive with water snakes, blue-racers and rattlers. We are going to leave as soon as we can. The evening being cloudy the frogs and owls were pretty quiet, but instead the mosquitos asserted themselves the more. Had to drench the horses with coal oil, and we ourselves finally sought refuge in the fur chest. But behold, the pests drilled right through the hard wood. Luckily we had a hammer inside and as soon as a stinger appeared we clinched it. After we had a few thousands thus fastened the box started to shake and wiggle, and they actually started to fly away with box and contents, but the whole machinery was caught in the trees because there had been no unity of action. The owls came to the rescue by eating up all those fastened mosquitos. At any rate we shall not stick another night here.

"May 23.—On the trail once more. About 50 rods from camp we had a novel experience. Saw a good big sombrero apparently lying in the middle of the trail and thought I could use it. The place was awful mushy and I had to stand on a board to reach it. Suspected a brick under it, but when I raised it I saw — a bald head. I called Bill; we got another board and cleared away the mud around the face. The man was still living. We told him to be patient, we'd have him out in a second. He sadly shook his head and said: "There's no use. You see, the confounded nag is right under me; I have my feet still in the stirrups and can't get them out. If my breath will hold out for a few days I hope to come out safely on the other side of the world. My name is Sam Mead." And so we had to leave him glide down. Bill, who is somewhat of a poet, cut the following rhyme into the bark of a nearby willow:

Down into the muck slid Sam Mead  
Still sitting on his gallant steed;  
If for a few days his breath did bide,  
He came out O. K. on the other side."

All the other scribbling was illegible.

The reader will have inferred that the place above described is the location of present day Collegeville. Hasn't the place changed though? Where the tents of those trappers stood, magnificent buildings greet the eye; the snakes and muskrats have disappeared; the muck and swamp have crystalized into fertile fields. At night, however, you may hear the faint echo of those old time harrangues of the bullfrogs, of the concerts of the owls mingled with the sweet notes of the mosquitos.



### Things Heard in Collegeville.

Huber—"What are you writing on, Duffy?"

Duffy—(absently) "Paper."

Latin Prof.—"Inkrot, name some of the old classical authors."

Inkrot—"Rockliff, Kaegi, Schultz."

Latin Prof.—"J. Hession, who is the first person?"

Hession—(subdued) "Adam."

Harry Recker—"Tell me your name and I'll show you my brother."

Wayland Recker—(through megaphone) "Get their address! Get their address!"

Smith, Dad bought another farm this week.

Partee: "Gee you must own the whole of . . . county. That makes a farm a week since Xmas."

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Some poor sports to bet against the reps.  
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**THE Fan**, cont. from page 3.  
booms that almost make the ground tremble;  
then suddenly intense quiet hovers over the  
crowd; even the rooters for the batting team are  
silent as the pitcher begins his wind-up. The ball  
is delivered. Ah! What a beautiful drop! Back  
to the pitcher it flies while the crowd thunders  
from the grand-stand. Then again the intense  
silence over all save for the short,quick commands  
from the catcher, the coolest man on the team.  
Again the ball flies to home-plate, but not over  
it. It is met by the batter with a rap that sends  
it flying toward short-stop. Ten thousand cheers  
are cut short when Shorty leaps into the air and  
catches the high ball by two fingers. Ten thou-  
sand arms throw the ball as it whirls toward  
home-plate; as many more catch their breath as

---

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the runner slides to home; and then a howling mob of Comanche Indians dash from the grounds. The game is won, for the runner was tagged out.

One may see such things everywhere, for the fan is ubiquitous. The youngster who rushes from the school-room at recess howling 'scrub-batter' who flies home at noon and eats his dinner on the run back to the ball-field, is no less a fan than the sport who has nothing to do but watch the games and papers, and who has nothing to talk about except sports. When you go into the clothing store to buy a necktie, you must first listen to the smiling clerk who tells you of the latest game between the Cubs and the Giants; and from the way in which he rubs his chubby hands together you may easily know for whom he is betting.

The spirit of the fan is universal. If it is not expressed through the channel of baseball it comes out in some other way. England, France, Germany, and all the other nations, each have their national game, and each produces its quota to swell the international army of fans. No need of conscription here. Nor is the spirit limited to time. When Marco Polo travelled over the then known world, and saw the games of the various nations you may be sure that he saw also the fans. True enough, they may not have been as smartly dressed as our modern fans, but clothes do not make the fan, and the naked savage without even a name may root for his team better than the weakling who is all clothes. Imagine too, the group of dignified fans, royal fans, who witnessed the game of tennis, when his Majesty Louis XV chose to play on his courts.

The fan makes himself heard and listened to in all places. He furnishes the topic of conversation at all gatherings whether they be in the private home circle where father and son argue about the merits of their favorites, or whether it be the sages of the village lounging around the blazing stove in Jim Hardaway's dry-goods store of a cold evening. Whenever the conversation begins to lag, our fan is sure to put on new fuel, and get the old sages to discussing 'this yere Ty Cobbs and Hands Wagner, and that there Speaker Tris, that must be the Speaker of the H. R. too', about all of which they pretend to have a thorough knowledge.

Of all fans, however, the College boy is the representative. Often he comes to college for the siple reason that there he can enter more heartily and unreservedly into sports. Daily we see him on the ball-field or on the basketball floor, or if not there he is surely to be found in the library reading the latest reports concerning the big

leagues and their doings. The college boy increases both his lung power and his ability to rattle the pitcher by developing his yells from the old irregular shrieks of boyhood days to a series of well-regulated and practiced whoops, hisses, rahs, and fire-alarms that would have scared the life out of Captain John Smith himself, with a dozen Pochahantas to save his life. By the correct use of these selected 'yells' he can make the batter think his bat is broken, that he has been hit by a ball, or that he is standing on his head, or he may so shock the nervous sensibilities of the pitcher that he feels like crawling into the umpire's coat pocket; but alas, this resort is denied the worthy twirler because the umpire's pocket is already full of 'Spalding Officials'.

The college fan never discontinues his activities nor lets anything interrupt the regular progress of sports. When he is sick he reads the papers or has his friends report to him all the latest; even war reports are subordinated to the all-important base-ball news. And when the season for one sport is over he enthusiastically turns to another until the first comes again. If he has no pies to bet, he bets butters, and so cheerfully risks as much in his own small way as the man who risks his thousands.

We could hardly do without the jolly, rollicking fan. We need him to give life to our dull world, to vivify our conversation, to hold up to us the bright side of life, and to give us an interest in the world around us. While the fan's world is often nothing more than the little round sphere which he calls 'a ball' or more properly 'the ball', he can, nevertheless, when occasion offers, handle affairs of the big round ball on which we live. It was a bunch of fans that beat the Kaiser's team in the greatest game ever played on any field. The 'pie and butter boys' played for big stakes this time and won. The trouble with the Kaiser was that he didn't know when he got to home-plate safely. He could have set down on the plate and claimed the game. But he had hit the ball so hard, and it was rolling so nicely away off in left-field where France was playing that he decided to start out again for a second round. It was a bunch of American fans, who came in the ninth inning, that put him out just before he reached first (place).  
R.H.E.

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## MY CARDINAL.

A bird so gladsome in branch and air!  
Despite all care —  
To dart vermillion here and there  
Piping thy notes in tuneful beat,  
Whistling and fiving so keen and sweet.  
Yet seeking tree-tops lone and rare. —  
Whence comest thou in garb so fair?  
And whither with song that seems to greet?

Unwearied singing in branch and air!  
O with what care  
Thou thrillst me with hymns so rare.  
Flying from distant southern clime,  
Busy tho brief be thy northern time.  
I would I sang 'side thee up there!  
But now thou risest out to bear  
And elsewhere to pour contented rime.

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